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No 96

14. July. 1714.

The Constable's *Trip from* Turn-Stile *to* Hicks's-Hall.

Upon Mr John Hills.

Within the space of less than half a Mile
From that most noted, and as antient, Stile,
Where People are made Deaf by *Crispin*'s Crews,
In bawling out, *Sir, do you want new Shoes* ?
And by the End of which great Thorough-fare
Villains to *Tyburn* Monthly do repair:
A busie Constable, they say, do's dwell,
Whom many of his Neighbours wish in Hell,
Because he's very Saucy, Impudent,
Ambitious, Prodigal, and Insolent,
We don't deny, but that it is his Right
To be sole Monarch or the King of Night;
But when his Pride assumes to rule by Day,
We are not bound his Precepts to obey:
He long hath aim'd to be a Magistrate,
But, like an Almanack that's out of Date,
Good Men of Reputation do not mind
The Wiles which *Cod's-head* had for Fame design'd;
His Betters will not Fame on him bestow,
Who really do's not Law nor Gospel know.

fetch some Money that is owing,
t pretby Honey do not Mourn,
in one Week I shall return
ie Wife, as other Women do,
m'd mighty sorry't should be so,
it took her leave with feigned Tears,

And hid'd like a Dow 'th Barn,
To hear what Secrets he cou'd Learn.
His Head as full of Jealousies,
As Mites within a rotten Cheese,
And knowing where her Bed was plac'd,
Got to the Window in great haste, And